

MILES OF MARCHERS.

For Hours They Marched to Honor Grant's Memory.

Some of the Salient Points of the Parade Seen from the President's Stand.

FROM the hour of luncheon till the hour of dusk they marched and marched and marched. Real soldiers and citizen soldiers, great dignitaries, plain citizens, crippled veterans and even schoolboys.

The President of the United States looked on until utter fatigue called him away. That was during an interval just before the appearance of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The Grand Army men bore themselves proudly after their long march in a bitter tempest of wind and dust, but their faces fell as they glanced upward passing to the east of Grant's tomb, and saw that only Vice-President Hobart was left to acknowledge their salute.

Abounding in elements to stir the imagination, the story of the parade itself as it passed the reviewing stand, can best be told in the order of its movement.

All that marred the pleasure of the million was the weather. It blew hard and it blew cold. The objective point of the march and the most beautiful point was also the most exposed point. The column staggered as it met those frost-laden gusts from across the river and down the river.

Miled over, the stands, a quivering area of black—except where the women's hats showed in splashes of red and green and purple—those who had come out to see the bravest show New York has ever offered shivered in their defencelessness.

When Squadron A Came.

When Squadron A came swinging up in front of the great white tomb the on-lookers jammed their hats on their heads and prepared to enjoy the spectacle. Squadron A, the forerunner of the entire big show, was, in fact, nearly as faultless, spectacular as any part of it. Muffling their chin straps to keep their bimbles from blowing off, the stylish young troopers who have modelled their

It was not an ardent crowd. It was not a crowd to get upon its feet and empty its lungs in rapture. It was not even a crowd to agitate the palms of its hands in discriminating enthusiasm. It certainly applauded when President McKinley drove up to the reviewing stand in a carriage with Mayor Strong and General Horace Porter, but the applause was not such as to leave a profound impression on the memory. But the President had a fine opportunity later in the day for perceiving that the fault lay not necessarily in his own popularity, but fundamentally in the humor of the crowd, which was chiefly concerned in keeping the dust out of its eyes, and its coat collar around its neck.

Not far behind the Presidential equipage rolled a landau, in which Mr. McKinley's predecessor sat in state, with Richard Watson Gilder, the poet, on his left. There seemed to be a shade more handclapping for Mr. Cleveland than there had been for Mr. McKinley, but that may have been because there was a toll in the wind just then.

Tags on Carriages.

The carriages had tags on them, bearing numbers, but as no corresponding numbers, with explanatory remarks, appeared in the official programmes, it was hard to divine the significance of the tags. The spectators had no difficulty, however, in identifying most of the occupants of the vehicles. Colonel Fred Grant was widely recognized by reason of his resemblance to the lithograph portraits of his father, with which the town had been littered for days.

"Isn't he like the General!" were the words that ran along the line as he passed. Mrs. Grant was recognized, and it was easy for the spectators to guess that the carriage loads of plainly dressed women and men and children who followed were the descendants of the great soldier, who had assembled from various parts of the

Pennecote, all these and many more notabilities were recognized and greeted with scattering applause as they alighted at the reviewing stand and made their way through to where the dedicatory exercises were to be held. All their eyes were watery and inflamed, and all their silk hats whitened with dust.

At the close of the exercises, Mr. Cleveland drove swiftly away, with his poet friend and was followed by a flutter of applause, a trifle more vigorous than that which had signaled his arrival.

The President's Return.

Then came the return of the President and his party to the reviewing stand, all looking refreshed from their luncheon. Thereupon the head of the column, which had been delayed half an hour while their excellencies banqueted, was permitted to move again, and the parade swept round

to take a keen glance at the Chief Executive of the nation—a glance that will be treasured in many a hard ride over mountain and plain.

The tramp of feet and hoofs powdered the roadway surface into yellow dust, and the wind tore it up and flung it in sharp puffs into the faces of paraders and onlookers. Hence the gallant Sixth Cavalry passed steadily on its way without so much as a murmur of encouragement.

Sailors Evoked Applause.

At the approach of Uncle Sam's sailor men, however, the spectators woke up. Captain Sands, looking very smart and sailorlike with his gray beard and his ruddy cheeks, led the way, followed by an admirable band, the musicians coated in scarlet. The marines met with approval, but the first genuine cheer of the day greeted the Jack tars, as they rolled along behind a band that played "A Life on the Ocean Wave." They were very human and very dirty, those sailors. There was nothing fanciful about their marching, but it was strong, and steady, and workmanlike. The officers looked as if they were real comrades to their men, and the men all chewed tobacco as they struggled ahead in the teeth of a gale that they would sooner have encountered offshore, because then it would

render. To a civilian's eye a soldier looks best when he is dust begrimed and uncomfortable looking. He appeals to the imagination more powerfully. Hence, the militiamen who marched in honor of Grant were vicarious heroes in their way.

Frank Damrosch's singers, just across the road, helped to make matters interesting by catching up the song tunes played by the military bands. Before and during the exercises they had sung choruses, and sung them well. There were 1,000 of them—men and women with trained voices. That they should join in the battle marches of the paraders seemed entirely spontaneous, and that made it all the more charming.

Without the baton of their leader, they simply sat there and lifted up their voices as if in the enthusiasm of the moment. There were times, too, when they raised a

patter of horse's hoofs and the "Steady on the right!" and "Shoulder arms!" of the officers were heard without ceasing. The New Jersey Naval Militia found a host of friends.

Rode In a Carriage.

Governor Lorain Cooke, of Connecticut, passed in a carriage. His regiment of foot guard, who looked something like British grenadiers, showed more color than any other feature of the parade. In fact, silver and scarlet were at a discount throughout the Connecticut contingent. All the other Governors were on horseback, and all looked very imposing. Among the Virginians, the second regiment in line was a negro one, the Richmond Blues. It was cheered vigorously.

There was a fine sentimental flavor about the men of Vermont. From Governor Grosvenor down to the smallest drummer boy in his entourage of troops, every one there had his hat or helmet decorated with a sprig of pine from the Green Mountains.

Great was the shout that greeted the Ohio contingent. The significance of the President and the Mayor both being Ohio men was keenly appreciated and both laughed over it as they bowed and waved their hands to Governor Bushnell and his gallant following. The Governor, who wore white gauntlets and an overcoat, blew kisses right and left in a rather theatrical way as he caracolled gayly up the Drive.

Governor Tanner, of Illinois, was cheered, too, and pronounced by critics one of the handsomest men in the pageant. The District of Columbia furnished various separate companies in highly colored uniforms.

The Grand Army division was next on the programme, but the G. A. R. was a little late—that is, there was an interval of perhaps a minute before the head of their column bore into view. The hour was wearing on toward 5 o'clock. The spectators were many of them moving for home. The naval end of the review was still to be attended to before dark.

Hence it was that President McKinley left for the river, leaving the duty of completing the review of the land forces to Vice-President Hobart. His departure did not materially lessen the crowd, for a vast multitude remained to admire the veterans and their battle torn flags.

In truth, it was worth remaining to see this demonstration of the great warrior's comrades in arms, marching in his honor. Some of them were feeble and some maimed. To many it must have been a severe ordeal to undergo the fatigue of the long march. But they bore themselves as bravely and cheerfully as if they had been youngsters, and carried their tattered colors as proudly as of old.

And after the veterans came the babes. Colonel Zailinski's command, consisting of schoolboys, marched nobly, considering their fatigue. It was fitting that their infant feet should sound "taps" for the close of the great march past.

Women Onlookers.

The feminine portion of the visiting country cousins for once in their lives did not seem to regret the closing of the great dry goods shops. Many had brought their luncheon with them. It was either hidden

alone to the fact that bicycles were useless and the women were not dressed in climbing costume. But express wagons were filled with women.

The patriotic girl was much in evidence. She floated the nation's colors from her carriage, her sailor hat, and many a happy young heart throbbed under the image of the soldier. Grant. One enthusiastic young woman had dressed herself entirely in the national colors. She wore a blue gown, the coat of which flared open over her scarlet vest. A large white silk tie and a red hat finished the gay costume.

The women rivaled the men in the way they shouted and cheered.

The occasion presented a grand opportunity for practising flirtations. Many a pair of roguish eyes stole sly glances at the owners of numerous brass buttons, and the men with buttons gallantly returned double portions.

The balcony of No. 223 Fifty-ninth street was filled with a group of merry maidens. The New York Third Separate Company paused and some of the soldiers looked up and smiled. The smiles were returned. An orange went whirling through the air and was caught by one of the men. Apples followed the course of the orange. Then a bottle of ginger ale was lowered by means of a wire. Just as several tiny soldiers bent forward to catch it the bottle struck the stone pavement.

Other bottles had a more fortunate fate.

How It All Ended.

When President McKinley left the reviewing stand at the tomb the music of "Maryland, My Maryland," and the inspiring strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" were ringing in his ears. It was with those conflicting melodies, played by closely adjacent bands, that he went to review the naval parade, leaving Vice-President Hobart and Mayor Strong to respond to the salutes and cheers of the marching hosts.

After the water pageant the President, accompanied by General Ruger, Secretary John Sherman, J. Addison Porter, Seth M. Milliken and others of the President's party, returned to the city and went directly to the Windsor Hotel. The Vice-President and the members of the Cabinet went to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where most of them remained until they took carriages to the Union League reception. President McKinley left the Windsor at 8:45 for the same scene of festivity. He intends to be present at the naval reception at the Waldorf to-night, and return to Washington on Thursday. Whether he will be followed by his Cabinet, probably on the same day.

It was long after the President had departed that the multitude began to disperse. Most of that vast crowd waited until the last man who bore a musket had passed under the triumphal arch and beyond, where they disbanded.

It was then that the high human tide began to recede, and it receded rapidly. Within twenty minutes the array of grand stands which had required hours to fill were stripped of their occupants, and all the streets and avenues were alive with surging humanity.

Then came the inevitable crush on elevated and surface cars, which continued until after 10 o'clock, when the normal condition of things was resumed.

The troops representing the State of Connecticut, which took part in the parade, left the city on the steamboat of the New Haven line at Peck's Slip at midnight. A troop of cavalry wearing gray uniforms marched down Fulton street to South street, and up that thoroughfare to the



Lost.

the Claremont loop and up past the Eastern facade of the Tomb.

It was a fine, a picturesque foreshadowing of the miles on miles of marching battalions to follow. At the head rode General Dodge, closely followed by Buffalo Bill and the renowned Indian, Chief Joseph. Colonel Cody's keen alertness of hearing belied his grizzled tresses and his seamed face. He was jaunty and a little theatrical. The Indian chieftain, on the contrary, sat on his pony like a bronze image, his gleaming eyes directed sternly ahead.

A troop of civilian aids in frock coats and white smashes, and then came the cry: "Here are the cadets! Here comes West Point!"

They were superb, those cadets. It seemed incomprehensible that the crowd should not have risen to them in enthusiasm, but the crowd was too busy watching the President, who was bowing and waving his hand in acknowledgment of military salutes from the road below.

From that time it was column after column of marching men, with arms at



Brought His Boy to See the Parade.

not have blown grit into their eyes and mouths.

That was the end of Uncle Sam's own men. Militia followed, and kept following for many hours. First the National Guard of the State of New York, General Fitzgerald at the head. Contrary to the programme, Governor Black did not accompany the column. He preferred to remain in the reviewing stand. The First Signal Corps, with the orange plumes, and the Ninth Regiment, with its bicycle ambulances, were followed by the ever-radiant Seventh. But the men of the Seventh were sadly tired yesterday. Their company fronts sagged in the middle, and there were



"Mrs. Yer Gran' Stan' fer a Quarter."

song without waiting to be prompted by a passing band. Other spectators joined in this deulatory singing whenever it arose, and the steps of the marchers grew more lightome for it. "Onward, Christian Soldiers," was one of the favorites.

Just after the passing of the naval militia the Grant family began to depart. The big bearskins of the Old Guard brought up the rear of the New York State contingent.

Mrs. McKinley Suffered.

The cold was becoming more bitter as the afternoon wore on. Nearly all the ladies who had had seats on the reviewing stand had been forced to find shelter elsewhere or go home. Mrs. McKinley, who is practically an invalid, was the worst sufferer. The President himself was looking anything but vigorous. Still, he remained to watch the divisions comprising the Governors of various States, with their staffs and escorts of militia.

The first of these was Governor Hastings, of Pennsylvania. So big was he, so dignified, so strong, so gray and such a good



WOMEN CHEERED THE SOLDIERS.

Census of the Pageants on Land and Water.

FROM unofficial figures, the only kind that could be obtained yesterday, the following estimates have been prepared:

Number of marchers.....	53,000
Number of visitors.....	1,000,000
Number who saw dedication.....	30,000
Number who saw parade.....	1,500,000
Passengers carried by elevated roads.....	250,000
Passengers carried by surface roads.....	200,000
Number of persons on the water.....	50,000
Number of excursion boats, yachts, tugs, etc.....	450

present, preceded by mounted officers with their swords held downward and outward and their eyes on the President. As the latter passed the stand they returned their swords smartly to "attention," and as each file of privates passed its commanding officer gave the order "Right-shoulder arms!" Only the "arms" was aspirated as only a true Cockney or a thoroughbred military man can aspirate a vowel.

Then the Regulars.

United States troops followed the cadets. If they had been reserved for the latter end of the parade they would assuredly have been made boisterously welcome, for by that time the spectators would have been in a mood to appreciate them. But, of course, it was out of the question for real soldiers to march in the rear of civilians.

First engineers, then infantry, then artillery—most formidable, most soldierly of all to the eye of the layman. Each brown-faced horseman turned back in his saddle

rough and ready looking militiamen from other States who won more applause than they did. Indeed, the Seventy-first, in their white trousers, stepped out more bravely and with less appearance of fatigue.

In quick succession followed the Sixty-ninth, the Eighth, the Twenty-second, the Twelfth and the First Battery. Then it was Brooklyn's turn. Brooklyn's renowned Twenty-third Regiment looked well in its gray habiliments, resembling that of the Seventh, but a "half right" that was made necessary by an obstruction in the roadway just beyond the reviewing stand, bothered the fourth a trifle.

All Lost Bedraggled.

Down the faces of the fat men in the ranks meandered streaks of black, where the dust of march had mingled with the sweat of their brows. But, however sadly the weather conditions interfered with the enjoyment of the spectators, they rather enhanced the spectacular value of the pa-

horseman, that the crowd gave him a great cheer as he rode past with his hat in his hand. And the militia that marched in his wake proved equally popular. They were soldierly looking fellows, those Pennsylvania National Guardsmen, and they deserved the cheers that greeted them.

As the Keystone men were passing there was some excitement and confusion as a stone's throw north of the stand. A man had been thrown and another man, a sightseer, had been run over by the ambulance called for the first man. That made two ambulances to break through the rank before the march could be resumed.

Governor Gigges, of New Jersey, with a big yellow standard borne behind him, was followed by another stalwart array of National Guardsmen. By that time a perfect eddy of newspapers and programmes was whirling around the reviewing stand, so that its occupants were at times wholly shut off from view in a flutter of white. Still the tramp, tramp of men, the soft

away in small valises or crushed from sight in paper sacs, and did the owners of these tempting parcels forget to guard the contents?

All types and classes of women helped form the thick human hedge on the line of the parade. Those who were provided with escorts willing to part with the price sat in reserved seats. Others mingled with the madding crowd.

That none of the women were seen in the branches of the trees along the Boulevard with the men may be attributed

New Haven boat, singing songs as they proceeded.

The Ohio troops, the Richmond Blues, the Virginia colored militia, the men from the interior of the State, the boys from the Green Mountain State and those from Massachusetts, left for their homes by rail last night—that is, they departed in detachments; the remainder will follow to-day.

Of course the New Jersey soldiers, the men who turned out in such great numbers and marched so uniformly well, went straight home.

Notwithstanding the general exodus of strangers and peaceful patriotic invaders, the town was still alive with men in uniform last night, and the air was ringing with their cheers.

AN INSPIRATION, SAYS GEN. MILES.

AS a military display the demonstration to-day was the greatest in the nation's history during a time of peace. Nothing has equalled it in imposing features, with the possible exception of the burial of Napoleon. That was an event of a purely imperial nature, while the demonstration to-day was a democratic tribute to the hero of a republic. It will serve as an inspiration to the young. It will show them that republics are not ungrateful.

The naval display was grand and a fitting close of the day's tribute to a great general.—From an interview with General Miles, commander of the United States Army.